

100



# PUNCH



---

**No. 13.**

---

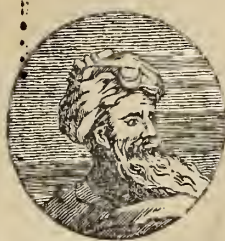
*Begs to apologise to the Public, for appearing before them in his Shell-jacket, and to account for his delinquency by stating that, his full-dress coat is undergoing the Stereotype process, at New York, and that it will make its appearance in due time and great splendour for No. 14.*





**TURKISH BLACK SALVE!!**

Under the Patronage of the Honorable the East India Company



**THIS SALVE**, prepared from the original recipe procured from a Celebrated Turkish Hakim, (physician) of Smyrna, in Asia Minor, and which has obtained an unprecedented celebrity in Great Britain and the East Indies, from the astonishing Cures performed by it in both these countries, has lately been introduced into Montreal. As might be expected, its popularity has followed it, and its use is becoming general among all classes.

The Proprietors, prompted by the very flattering reception it has met with in the Metropolis, have determined on extending its usefulness to all other parts of Canada; and, for that purpose, have established Agencies in all the principal Cities. They flatter themselves that when its wonderful properties shall become more generally known, they will meet with that encouragement which the introduction of such a valuable medicament into a country justly entitles them. The contracted limits of an advertisement necessarily precludes their entering into any adequate detail of its merits, but, for the information of the public, they intend to publish, from time to time, such statements of cures as may occur, and for the present will content themselves with merely enumerating some of the complaints for which it has been used with the most complete success,—such as Swollen Glands, Broken Breasts, White Swellings, Cuts, Whitlows, Scalds from Steam boat Explosions, or other causes, Burns, Scrofulous Sores, Sore Nipples, Carbuncles, Scald Head, Gun-shot Wounds, Bruises, Boils, Frostbites, Wens, Chilblains, Ulcerated and Common Sore Throats and Bunions. If used in time, it will prevent or cure Cancers, also, Swellings arising from a blow on the Breast, Ring-worm, Pains in the Back, Rheumatism, Gout, Pains in the Chest, Palpitation of the Heart, Complaints in the Liver, Spine, Heart and Hip, Rushing of Blood to the Head, Swelled Face and Toothache. Its benefits are by no means confined to the Human race, but it extends its healing qualities to the brute creation. It is an excellent application for Saddle and Harness Galls, Broken Knees, Cracked Hoofs, &c. In fact, it is impossible to enumerate half the complaints that have been cured by the application of this Salve. It is very portable—will keep in any climate, and requires little or no care in its application, as it may be spread with a knife on any substance, viz: chamois leather, linen, or brown paper.

See Wrapper and Public Papers, for further Certificates. None genuine unless the Proprietor's name is on the wrapper.

Sold in Montreal by J. S. LYMAN, Place d'Armes; SAVAGE & Co., Notre Dame Street; URQUHART & Co., Great Saint James Street, and LYMAN & Co., St. Paul Street, and in all the Principal Cities of Canada.

ALL Letters must be post-paid, and addressed Messrs. SOMMERVILLE & Co., Post Office, Montreal.

**Ottawa Hotel, Montreal.**

BY GEORGE HALL, Great Saint James Street, formerly McGill Street. Carriages always ready on the arrival of the Steamboats, to convey passengers to the Hotel, FREE OF CHARGE.

**THE MONTREAL Weekly HERALD**

OR DOLLAR NEWSPAPER! *The Largest and Cheapest Journal in BRITISH NORTH AMERICA!* is published at the very low rate of \$1 per annum to Subscribers in Clubs of 7 or more persons; in Clubs of 4 persons, 6s. 3d. each; or, single Subscribers, 7s. 6d. each, CASH, ALWAYS IN ADVANCE. All Letters to be post paid.

The Proprietors of this Paper, beg to announce to the Public at large, that they have made arrangements for giving, as usual, the very fullest Reports of the Debates, which will embrace Translations of the French Speeches, reported exclusively for the HERALD—which will probably be the only Journal possessing this feature. Those who desire to possess accurate information as to the Parliamentary Proceedings, will, therefore, do well to subscribe during the next 2 months.

**Donegana's Hotel**

THE Proprietors of this Hotel, in returning their best thanks for the liberal patronage already received, beg to inform the Public that they have completed their Spring arrangements, and will now be enabled to carry on their

**Splendid Establishment**

on a more favorable footing than before. The extensive accommodations of this Hotel, the superior Internal Arrangements, its incomparable Situation,

*The Bills of Fare, Wines, Baths, Carriages,* and its Internal Decorations, all combine to make it peculiarly agreeable and comfortable for Families, Pleasure Travellers, as well as Men of Business.

And to insure prompt and careful attention to the wants and wishes of all patrons of the Hotel, the Proprietors need only say that they retain the services of Mr. G. F. POPE, as Superintendent, and Mr. COURTNEY, as Book-keeper.

They also beg to say that, notwithstanding the superiority of their Hotel, their Charges are not higher than other respectable Hotels in town.

**JOHN MCCOY**, Bookseller, Stationer, and Printseller, No. 9, Great St. James Street.—Framing in gold and fancy woods.—Books Elegantly Bound.—Engraving in all its varieties.—Lithography executed, and the materials supplied.—Water Colours, Bristol Boards, Artists' Brushes, &c. always on hand.

A regular and constant supply of NEW PUBLICATIONS, in every department of Science, General Literature and Fiction, from England, France, and the United States; and Orders made up for every departure of the Mails and Expresses.—All the NEW NOVELS, PERIODICALS, and PUBLICATIONS, on hand.

**THE VERNON GALLERY, & THE****LONDON ART JOURNAL FOR**

1849. EACH NUMBER of this elegant Monthly Journal, will contain THREE STEEL ENGRAVINGS of the very first order, (two from the "VERNON GALLERY," and one of SCULPTURE,) with about 40 Fine Wood Engravings and 32 pages of Letter Press. Specimens may be seen and Prospectuses obtained at the Stores of the Undersigned Agents, who will supply the work regularly every month. Subscription 45s. currency per annum. January, 1849. R. & C. CHALMERS.

**Compain's Restaurant,**  
PLACE D'ARMES.

MR. COMPAIN begs to inform the Public and Travelers that his GRAND TABLE D'HOTE is provided from one to two o'clock, daily, and is capable of accommodating one hundred and fifty persons.

**Dinner at Table d'Hote, 1s. 3d.**

A commodious Coffee Room is on the premises, where Breakfasts, Dinners, and Luncheons may always be procured. Societies, Clubs, and Parties accommodated with Dinners, at the shortest notice.

The Wines are warranted of the first vintage, and the "Maitre de Cuisine," is unequalled on the Continent of America.

N. B.—Dinners sent out. Private Rooms for Supper and Dinner Parties.

**Saint George's Hotel, (late Paynes.)**

PLACE D'ARMES, QUEBEC.

THE Undersigned, grateful for the distinguished patronage accorded him for the last six years in the ALBION HOTEL, (having disposed of the same to his Brother, Mr. A. RUSSELL,) has the pleasure to announce, that he has Leased, for a term of years, the ST. GEORGE'S HOTEL, and, with a large outlay of money, Repainted and Furnished entirely with new FURNITURE, this very pleasantly located and commodious Establishment. He trusts his patrons will, in their visit the coming Season to his Hotel, find accommodation for their comfort far surpassing former occasions.

His Tariff of Prices will be found particularly favorable to Merchants and others, whose stay with him will extend more than one week. WILLIS RUSSELL.

St. George's Hotel, Quebec, April, 1849.

**Mossy Lyrics,—[No. 1.]**

One morn, a man, at Moss's door,  
Both badly clothed, and sadly poor,  
Stood and gaz'd on garments gay,  
On coats, and hats, and fine array,  
For which he feared he could not pay;

But in he went,  
And soon content,  
(For joy illumined all his phiz,)  
A Summer suit.  
From head to foot,

For twenty-two and six was his.  
How happy are they, who, when they can,  
Deal with Moss, cried the well-clad man,  
At his noted Store in the Street of St. Paul;  
Though other coats may keep out the wet,  
And you pay double price for all you get,  
A coat of famed Moss's is worth them all.

MOSS & BROTHERS,  
Tailors and General Out-fitters.

**ICE! ICE!! ICE!!!—REDUCTION IN PRICE.**  
ALFRED SAVAGE & Co, beg to inform their Friends and the Public, that the large increase in the number of their ICE Customers, has enabled them to reduce the price from Six Dollars the Season to FIVE.

A. S. & Co. have already commenced to deliver their ICE, and their Customers may rely on being attended to with regularity.

A double quantity is delivered every SATURDAY. Steamboats, Hotels, &c., supplied with any quantity, on reasonable terms. 91, Notre Dame Street. June 1, 1849.

**WAR OFFICE!—Segar Depot!**

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

**John Orr**, NOTRE DAME STREET, has constantly on sale, at his Old Establishment, *choicest Brands of Segars*, in every variety, comprising Regalias, Panetellas, Galanes, Jupiters, LaDesenadas, Manillas, &c. &c.

Strangers and Travellers are invited to inspect his Stock, he having for years been celebrated for keeping none but GENUINE SEGARS. A lot of very old and choice Principles of the Brands of CRUZ & HYOS, STAR, and the celebrated JUSTO SANZ. Orders from any part of the Provinces, punctually executed.

**For the Public Good.**

THAT excellent Ointment, the POOR MAN'S FRIEND, is confidently recommended to the Public as an unfailing remedy for wounds of every description, and a certain cure for ulcerated sore legs, if of twenty year's standing; cuts, burns, scalds, bruises, chilblains, ulcers, scorbutic eruptions, pimples in the face, weak and inflamed eyes, piles, and fistula, gangrene, and is a specific for those eruptions that sometimes follow vaccination.—Sold in pots at 1s 9d

OBSERVE!—No Medicine sold under the above name, can possibly be genuine, unless "BEACH & BARNICOTT, late Dr. Roberts, Bridport," is engraved and printed on the stamp affixed to each packet. Agents for Canada, MESSRS. S. J. LYMAN, CHEMISTS, Place d'Armes.

**ICE! ICE!! ICE!!!—Hard Times.**

Messrs. Wm. LYMAN & Co. having reduced the price of ICE, in accordance with the times, they are prepared to supply a few more Families, at \$5 for the season.

Hotels, Confectioners, Steamers, &c., supplied on the most reasonable terms, as usual. May 10.

**The Grand Emporium**

OF MOSS AND BROTHERS, 180 St. Paul Street, is now the Resort of all who desire to purchase Clothing from the best and largest Stock on the Continent of America; both in quality, price, and style, "Moss and Brothers" defy competition.

**To Travellers** and others, their establishment offers the greatest advantages: a complete suit of Clothes being (MADE TO MEASURE IN EIGHT HOURS.)

To enumerate the prices of their various goods, is almost superfluous, but they draw attention to their immense consignment of GUTTA PERCHA COATS received by the "Great Britain," which must be sold at London prices to close an account.

A large lot of Superfine Cloth Pelts at 25s.  
Satin Vests in every color and style, at 6s. 9d.  
Sporting Suits, complete, at 32s. 6d.  
Summer Suits, 22s. 6d.  
A splendid suit of Black, made to measure, for £3 17s. 6d.

So if you mourn for Rebel Losses,  
Go and buy a suit at Moss's.

MOSS & BROTHERS, 180 St. Paul Street.

**ALLEN'S EXPRESS**, leaves Montreal for UPPER CANADA, with Light and Valuable Parcels, EVERY FOURTEEN DAYS, from the Ottawa Hotel, McGill Street.

**Punch in Canada**

CIRCULATION 3000!

**Annual Subscription, 7s. 6d**  
(Payable in advance.)

**CLUBS!** Subscribers forming themselves into Clubs of five, and remitting six dollars, will receive all the back numbers, and five copies of each issue, until the first of January, 1850. A remittance of three dollars will entitle them to the Publication until the first of July.

**To Future Subscribers.**

In all cases the subscription must be paid in advance. The half dollar being awkward to enclose, a remittance of one dollar will entitle the subscriber to the Publication for eight months; four dollars will entitle the sender to five copies of each number for eight months; two dollars to five copies for four months.

**To Present Subscribers.**

In some few instances, Punch has been sent to orders unaccompanied by a remittance. This involves Book-keeping, expense of Collectors, and ultimate loss. The Proprietor respectfully informs his present subscribers, who have not paid their subscriptions that No. 8 will be the last number sent, on the unpaid list, not because he doubts their responsibility, but because he dislikes the nuisance of writing for money. He detests to be dunned, and will not lay himself under the necessity of dunning.



## PUNCH'S ANGEL.

IT was announced in the public prints, a short time back, on the authority of the *Melanges Religieuses*, that an angel had appeared to a respectable old gentleman living somewhere in the Suburbs, and had wiggled him amazingly on account of some irreverences committed by him, towards the beadle of the Church: and, that, in consequence, His Reverence the Bishop had instituted an inquiry, to ascertain what the Angel had said, how the Angel had looked, and all other particulars connected with the visit. Punch's impression, at the time, was, that the thing was a mistake. It was hardly possible that an Angel would come to Montreal, and not visit Punch. On looking over his visiting book, Punch finds, that the only illustrious visitors who have left their cards for him lately, are, Mrs. Belton, (after presenting her Address,) Mr. John Smith, the poet, Colonel Bruce, and Dolly. It is submitted by Punch, that, neither of these can be the Angel. Under these circumstances then, and anxious to lay the true facts of the case before the public, Punch addressed the following letter to the "Illustrious Stranger," Box 873, Post Office.

Punch Office, 12th July, 1849.

Mr. Punch presents his respectful compliments to the Angel, and would feel obliged if he would inform him, whether he has been out lately, and if so, whether his mother, or any body in the suburbs, or the Bishop of Montreal, *knew he was out*. If the Angel is actually in town, Punch would feel very much obliged if he would let him know where he puts up. Punch is sorry to say that, the Angel Inn, Islington, is not in these diggings; but Punch's friend, Dolly, can give the Angel a very good shake-down in Great St. James' Street. In respect to the *Melanges Religieuses* and the Bishop, Punch begs to caution the Angel against performing any miracle at present—the last one, (which was about a Rebellion Bill) not having answered so well as was expected. Finally, Punch is of opinion, that, if the Angel doesn't want to be cramped in his stomach, he should not drink too much of Father Chiniquy's "cold without." Punch's summer beverage is Martel's Pale Brandy, half diluted—and that's the kind of tippie Punch recommends to the Angel.

Punch, soon after, received the following

## ANSWER.

(Copy.)

7th. Heaven, half-past 12 o'clock.

Dear Punch,

The thing is all a mistake—I authorize you to contradict it. I never had the least intention of coming; I hadn't upon my honor. Catch me coming, that's all. You don't think I'm so jolly green, do you? I was in Ireland once, and that was bad enough: I saw eighty men killed there, because one person said another sneezed like a papist; and was almost mobbed myself, because it was discovered that the Saxons were a branch of the Angles.—Oh! no, dear Punch, Canada is just the last place an Angel would think of coming to. We *do* go to Paris, now and then, though rarely; and some of us have been in Poland and Turkey—but there is not an Angel of my acquaintance, (that is, a respectable Angel,) who would come near you, I assure you. Pray communicate this to the Bishop; and tell him that the Angel seen by the man in the suburbs, came from the tavern next door, along with a gallon of gin and some bitters. Receive my best respects,

and believe me, my dear Mr. Punch,

Your friend and admirer,

THE ANGEL.

P. S. I am very much obliged to you for your hint respecting the water—Never touch it, upon my honor!

## THE AMERICAN FLAG.

We certainly were under the impression that the Provincial Secretary pledged himself to sweep the streets with grape-shot, upon the first indication of an attempt to raise the standard of republicanism upon the top of our monarchical institutions. Yet, on the fourth of July, we know that the American ensign flaunted proudly on the British breeze which agitated the premises of a small grocer in DeBleury Street; and where was the promised grape shot? Punch will not submit to be thus cheated out of a long-anticipated treat: and, therefore, upon the repetition of a similar demonstration, he will take upon himself the responsibility of sweeping DeBleury Street, and every other republican street in the city, with *Snipe-shot*, or any smaller shot that can be procured—as being by far more adaptable than grape-shot, to so very small a business.

## HOLDING UP THE MIRROR.

The *Toronto Mirror*, lavishing much compliment upon the people of Montreal, apostrophises them, first as *beasts*, and immediately afterwards as *turkey-cocks*. Now we beg to correct the zoology of the *Mirror*, by reminding him that, if they are beasts they cannot be turkey-cocks, and if they are turkey-cocks they cannot be beasts. This must be evident to the most superficial physiologist. Should the *Mirror*, however, insist upon our acceptance of his anomaly, we will at once gratify his prejudices, and afford relief to our own feelings, by conceding that, although turkey-cocks cannot be classed as beasts, there is, nevertheless, a strong affinity between donkeys and geese—with which remark we leave the *Mirror* to his reflections.

## SANITARY MEASURES.

Punch, in his capacity of a Central Board of Health, appointed by himself, with the concurrence of many thousands of his admiring friends, begs to address a few words to the other Board of Health, with the design of drawing their attention to sundry abominations which shock the eye, as well as the nose, of taste, in many parts of this City. The eye of taste, Punch would remark, need not be provided with microscopic power, nor need the nose of taste be organized with canine delicacy, to enable both, in their respective spheres, to detect much of nastiness in all the *purloins* of Montreal. American travellers—and now that the memories of "July the 4th," have been duly disposed of, we may expect to see many of them amongst us—American travellers, we say, are much struck with the want of sanitary arrangements, particularly with respect to effluvia, in the markets and suburbs of our cities. An American gentleman of rank remarked to Punch the other day, in allusion to an odour encountered by him in the very heart of the City, that, "it was so tall a smell he couldn't smell it by himself; it would take four men, he guessed, to smell it rightly, and socdolagers at that." This forcible language, coming from an American citizen of eminence, (Punch understood him to be a general officer of great distinction and good nose,) arrested the attention of Punch, and induced him to direct some of his spare energy to the discovery and abolition of nuisances. The Bonsecour Market, which was in particularly bad odour during a portion of last spring—metaphorically speaking—is now, in a tangible sense, become a rather disgusting institution, from the exhibition of raw hides and other unpleasant objects, which assail the senses of the visitor, and afford a place of fashionable summer resort for an immense population of blue-bottles. Cannot the hides be hidden, and the blue bottles be discarded for butterflies, or some such agreeable accessories?

There is an odour at present haunting the centre of Cote Street, that no language, living or dead, can convey the faintest idea of. Let the local authorities look to it—or smell to it, rather; for Punch, having established himself as a general dis-infecting agent, is determined to be up to every thing, and down upon the physical as well as the moral delinquencies of the community at large.



## THE CLUB NATIONAL DEMOCRATIQUE.



HE spirit of Democracy has wrought upon the young men of the *Avenir*---the electricity of Republicanism has run through them, like the "greased lightning" of our hyperbolic neighbors---leaving, however, in its progress, more of the grease than of the sparkle, wherever it has passed. The passiveness of the British Lion, dozing with one eye open, at the foot of the Tree of Democracy, has emboldened our young friends of the fierce moustaches and progress principles, to perpetrate

deeds of unwonted daring; and the result has been the formation of the *Club National Démocratique*, followed by a *manifeste* setting forth its views, and containing some pithy comparisons between the monarchy of the *moyen âge*, and the social liberty enjoyed by the republicans of our own times. Those antiquated politicians who still cherish a respect for the "dust of other ages"---(does the *Avenir* covertly refer to the revered hair-powder of our grandfathers?)---those elderly and obsolete individuals who flourished before the days of rail-road and telegraph, and died unblest with a conviction of sherry-cobblers, have their aristocratic memories assailed, and their imperial prejudices pelted, to an extent that brings the unbidden tear for the Lords of Britain; shewing us "in a glass, darkly," the ducal coronet surmounted by the *bonnet bleu du nord*, and even the purple of royalty itself superseded by the *etoffe du pays* of some future Papineau.

"Progress" and the "people"---these are now the watch-word and countersign of the moving world; and the young heroes of *la Nouvelle-France* have boldly started forth as engineers upon the railroad of the former, while they have invested the *habitans* of their "great nation" with the attributes sometimes conceded to the latter. Recklessly do these juvenile levellers lay down the rails of "progress," upon those venerable sleepers their fathers and mothers, whose ancient respectable *calèche* has become altogether too slow for the steam-propelled democrats of this later day. Scientifically do they talk of conducting into their land, a branch from the great electric telegraph of democracy, whose poles stand out against the misty horizon, as the land marks of the age. Nor do we sneer at them for thus exhibiting "signs of life," in shaking off the dull sleep of popular ignorance in which generations have hitherto been snored away. But it was unkind of the *Avenir* to come so suddenly upon us with their *manifeste*. Unprepared as we were for such an emanation, we startled our fancy with an image of the acorn, cut off by the maple-leaf from all participation in the light of day, and falling prematurely to the earth; destined no more to furnish the mighty branches, beneath whose Druidical shade the colonies of the earth have flourished for ages. A dreadful picture, and appalling to the heart of the Briton, was that thus conjured up by the eloquence of the pioneers of progress, who trampled on the very body of the British Lion, in their forward struggle to lead the van in the march of Republicanism. As may be supposed, the anxiety of mind induced by the reading of their democratic *brochure*, produced a corresponding physical depression; and the consequences might have been serious to ourselves, and blighting to our admiring public, had not our artist be-thought himself of treating the subject, as we have presented it on the opposite page. Reassured by the dignified yet confidential wink with which the British Lion at once expresses his watchfulness and his contempt for the menacing denizens of the hollow tree, we again breathed freely, as we proceeded to analyse, more at leisure, the elements of the terrible "club;" and we resolved

ourselves into a committee of one, for the purpose of carrying on an unrestricted series of observations. To us it appears that, the modern spirit of dissatisfaction with all existing institutions, rather than a distinct idea of the benefits to be derived from a change, is the true source of the aspirations of the *Avenir*; and that, in their determination to distinguish themselves, they have wildly launched their crazy canoe upon the "intellectual deluge of democracy," whose flood tide they daily watch for by the shores of the sea of discontent---that dead sea in whose bitter waters nothing of life rejoices---on whose bituminous bosom rides no bird save the occasional dissatisfied goose, who finds not his pleasure in aught but troubled waters. The eloquent young subjects of our notice, indulge themselves in a great variety of tropes. They are "infant giants," who, arriving at a knowledge of their vigor, burst, like threads, the bonds imposed upon them by perfidious Albion. That "bursting of the bonds," however, may be attended with a certain degree of danger. If the "infant giant" in tights, petulant at their constraint upon his "progress," sever, with rash hand, the British braces by which his "oh-no-we-nevers" are decently upheld, will his progress be materially assisted by the sudden descent of the repudiated garment---or will he not, rather, in headlong precipitation, plough up the earth with the rebellious nose with which he erst sneered at the oak of Britain? Better than the idea of the boy-giant, is the type which our artist has chosen to work upon, in illustration of the worthy, but mistaken young gentlemen, who are placing themselves in the position of "cats' paws" to the ambitious and not over-scrupulous Papineau. A recent traveller in Brazil gives a lively description of his encounter with a tribe of monkeys rejoicing in the title of "preachers." An old "preacher" of large proportions and austere visage, makes his pulpit in a hollow tree, from which he howls forth endless essays---on democracy probably---to an admiring congregation of lesser apes, assembled from the neighboring settlements. Occasionally, when some remark strikes them by its elegance of expression, or terse vigor, the auditors take up the cry; and the result is a discord of unpleasant sounds, which appears to afford no particular delight to any of the listeners, except the immediate associates of this original *Club Démocratique* of the forests of Brazil. View the old "preacher," as he puts forth one of his brood to "trample on the British Lion,"---and watch the disinclination of the small advocate for liberty, to enter upon his allotted task---nervously gathering up his tail and legs, lest the formal but rather ineffectual process of "trampling" should perchance wake from his repose the slumbering monarch.

We scarcely know how to class those annexationists, who do not belong to the party whom we have gone to a considerable expence in thus complimenting, in the "highest style of literature and art." Many of them have formed vague ideas upon a subject favored by them chiefly for the sake of change. Smith cherishes a wild notion, that a general amnesty of debts will follow immediately upon the heels of annexation; and he smiles in his post-prandial slumbers, as he beholds a vision of his once-dreaded creditors, recklessly treating him to a champagne supper. Jenkins, who thoughtlessly doffed his hat to the spangled pocket-handkerchief run up by a wretched huxter in DeBleury Street, reddened as he saw us smiling at him from the opposite side of the way, and affected to scratch his head, as an apology for the uplifted castor; and Jones,---the Jones of our earliest affections---betrays in his growing ardour for unnatural decoctions, a preference for the "slings" and cock-tails of Democracy, over the beer and brown stout of Old England.

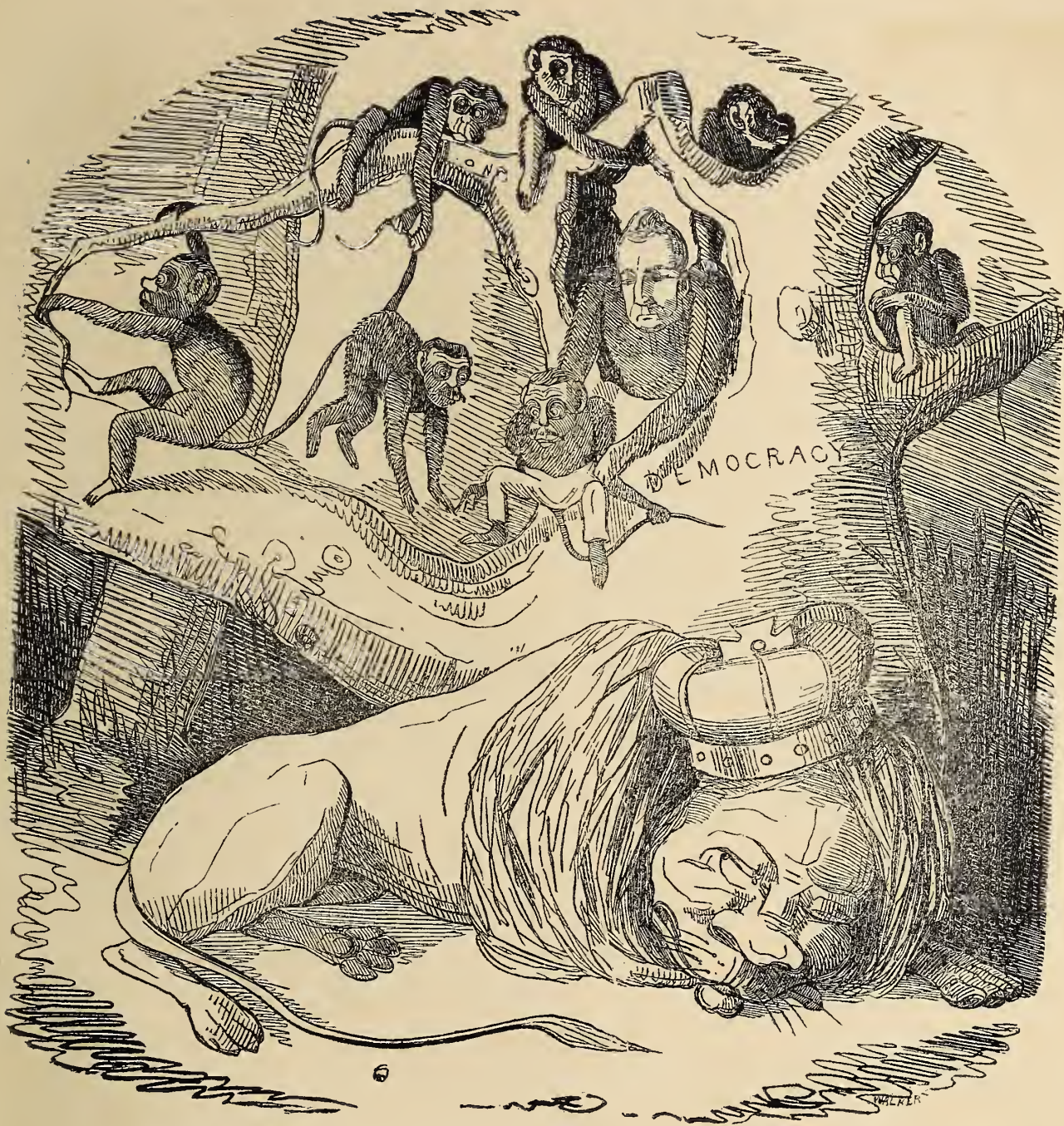
Altogether, we hardly know how to steer clear of the breakers---but we will stand by the old Ship till she settles down; and then strike out for our lives, keeping a sharp look out for---land ahead!

## PRIZE CONUNDRUM.

Punch thinks that, if annual prizes were established for such ebullitions as the following, the lost currents of electricity and loyalty would speedily return to their respective vacuums, and confidence once more be restored to its wonted firmness.

Why should a large raft, drawn through the water by a steam-boat, remind one of an extinct race of animals? Because its a great mass towed on. (*Mastodon.*)





## THE "CLUB NATIONAL DEMOCRATIQUE,"

*Preparing to trample on the British Lion.*





## GEOGRAPHICAL INTELLIGENCE.

A party of enterprising men is at present engaged in exploring the interior of the *Place d'Armes*. The expedition is under the command of Darby Malone, Esq., President of the Hibernian Geological Society, the result of whose gigantic operations in the transmutation of stone into metal, is now visible along the entire length of Craig-Street. Intelligence from the brave fellows who have thus thrown themselves into this hitherto unexplored region, is, of course, looked for with much anxiety. Rumor, on the authority of a letter received by a cab-man on the confines of civilization, from a friend of his in the interior, states that, at that date, the party had discovered some very interesting ruins—apparently those of a lamp-post—at the foot of which, a strange old hermit with a long beard had taken up his abode. He appeared shocked at the sight of man, and refused to give his name, or any information whatever regarding his mysterious history. The initials J. B. however, carved upon the lamp-post, as well as certain collateral circumstances, leave little room to doubt that, he is a person who, some time back, suddenly disappeared from amongst his friends in this neighborhood, who have been long in a dreadful state of suspense regarding his fate. A specimen chip from the lamp-post, has been forwarded to A. Simpson Esq., the spirited projector of this enterprise; and the hermit has been brought into town, with the view of being sent to England, to replace the Hermit of Vauxhall, who died a short time since, from excessive devotion to the rites of conviviality.

## RECREATIONS IN NATURAL HISTORY.

By a Prelate.

TRANSLATED FOR PUNCH.

The favor with which some remarks of mine upon Ophiology, or the Physiology of Serpents, were received by the scientific portion of the public, induced me to turn my attention more generally to the study of animated nature; and I now avail myself of the columns of my excellent and esteemed friend Punch, to make known to the gleaners in the field of Nature, (of whom I look upon myself as the least,) the results of my observations on Physiological subjects generally. In form, they are but the crude jottings-down in the note-book of a naturalist; but I trust to the generous reader for the extension of a kind indulgence as regards style—hoping that the strong internal evidences of authenticity borne by my facts, may be taken as a set-off against those apparent irregularities of arrangement which are—if my friend Punch will permit me to make the remark—the inevitable results of what is usually termed a “free translation.” Sympathizing with my reader, who has kindly accompanied me thus far, in his anxiety to arrive at the gate which I have thrown open for his rush into the field of nature, I beg to wind up these introductory remarks, by respectfully dedicating my “Recreations,” to the Natural History Society of Montreal.

**The Church Mouse.** (*Mus Ecclesiasticus*.) “As poor as a church mouse,” is a comparison often used, and popularly considered as very much to the point. I have had many opportunities of observing the church mouse, and never have I seen one whose appearance betokened the slightest tendency to the low state of pecuniary or corporeal resources, referred to in the saying above quoted. On the contrary, the church mouse of every variety—and there are many—appears to me to be distinguished by a peculiar and admirable sleekness of exterior, conveying to the beholder a lively impersonation of peace and plenty. I have been told that the variety known as the *Mus ecclesiasticus curatus*—the *Mus coadjutor* of Ireland—is sometimes remarkable for its lean and poverty-stricken appearance; and, from that particular variety, the proverb may possibly take its origin. The *ridiculus Mus*, mentioned by the Latin poet, bears no affinity to the subject of my remarks. It was, probably, an animal of enormous size; as it is recorded to have occupied the crater of Mount Vesuvius for a mouse-hole—the *parturiunt montes* of the writer referred to, being clearly a confirmation of this interesting fact. The variety is now extinct: but there is a mouse-trap in the British Museum in which one of them was caught, as it went foraging about in the dark ages, according to the nocturnal and predatory habits of its kind.

**The Canvass-backed Duck.** The only pair of Canvass-

backed Ducks I ever saw, were upon a British Sailor, whom I observed leaning over the railing on the quays. They had evidently been originally Russia-ducks; but the hinder part being worn away—probably from the foolish habit contracted by seafaring men, of sliding up and down ropes—had been repaired with what seemed to be a portion of a very coarse old sail. Therefore, there could be no doubt whatever, that they were genuine canvass-backed ducks. I had frequently heard, from American friends and others, that ducks of this description are looked upon by the luxurious as the greatest of delicacies. With a view, therefore, to possessing myself of them by purchase, I addressed the proprietor, hazarding a question as to the style in which the buttons should be served up, when the ducks came to be dished. I had reason, however, to repent of my curiosity; for the bad man turned upon me, and in language which none but a British Sailor could conceive, and which my ink would turn red! in transferring to paper, overwhelmed me with a torrent of abuse, which he wound up by calling me an “infernal old pump,” (*vieille pompe*.) What he meant by this I know not, but I am inclined to think he must have taken me for Father Chiniquy. These were the only observations I ever made respecting Canvass-backed Ducks.

**Welch Rabbits.** There is much mystery connected with the physiology of these creatures. I learned, however, that the preserves of an English gentleman of the name of Dolly, abound with them, and that their pursuit is the nightly occupation of numbers of people who resort there. I accordingly called upon that gentleman, and inquired of him whether he could give me any information as to their habits: but he, quickly, and as I thought somewhat bluntly, replied that, “he did not consider it would be quite the cheese to tell me.” So I must reserve this subject until I have an opportunity of making further observations.

## PUNCH'S DREAM.

Punch had a dream so beautiful last night!

So calm, so sweet—

That wroth was he when flies at morning's light,

Stormed his retreat.

He thought the tide of annexation reached

High-water mark;

And on the stream that swiftly eddied past,

He launched his bark.

Adown its current paddled he past trees

And rocks abutting;

And once he heard an alligator sneeze---

But that was nothing.

For soon there glittered in the rising sun,

Upon a steep hill,

A City from whose gates there issued forth

Myriads of people.

In dusky column towards the river's banks

Downwards they ran;

Shouting, with force to rend their close-wedged ranks---

“The Coming Man!”

And as Punch landed from his light canoe,

Thicker and thicker

Round him the people thronged, with wild halloo;

Offering “liquor.”

While, on the spot, with solemn purpose bent,

Their votes they passed:

And Punch was duly chosen President

• Of realms vast.

And mounted on a steed of giant strides,

A “genu-ine racker;”

Splendid, in satin vest, he onward rides---

Chewing “tobacker.”

Head of a mighty people, Punch, that night,

Revelled in “juleps”---

And prithee, Jenkins, hadn't he a right,

As much as you, or Smith, or Jones, my tulips?

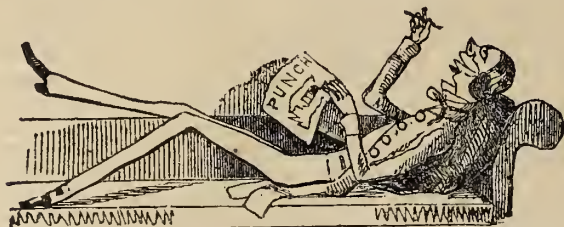


## THE COMIC EUCLID.

## DEFINITIONS.

A Point hath position, especially when made by a person of position—but hath not magnitude, even when traced to a great man.

A Line is



LENGTH WITHOUT BREADTH.

The extremities of a line are points. This is proved by a full stop being always at the end of a sentence. The same truth is evident, both in points of honor and points of umbrellas.

A Plane Angle is the inclination of two lines to one another, and is evident in angling with the rod and line. The Angle is always called plane, though the Angler be a beauty.

Angles or Anglers are either acute or obtuse; or they may be all right.

An Acute Angle, or, as it is sometimes called for the sake of euphony, 'cute, is formed when the rod is moved "particular" sharp. Accordingly, when the sport is "particular" good, the man is said to be 'cute. A Pennsylvanian is also called 'cute, owing to the sharpness of the turn he made from the celebrated line, "I promise to pay."

An Obtuse Angle means not acute, because acute means sharp. Thus we say a man is obtuse, according to the ratio in which he becomes a flat.

A Triangle is a musical instrument, beaten by a military bondsman. It is also an instrument at which the military bondsman is beaten—in which case the music is made by the latter. It is called right-angled, when the military bondsman has been served right. Occasionally he is a little obtuse on this subject, and then, of course, he is called obtuse.

A Square is a four-sided figure. The French discovered this at Waterloo. It is considered equal to anything, when the co-efficient is the British bayonet. We have heard it asserted that, steel to steel, cavalry will break the square. If such were the case, it would be extracting the square-root with a vengeance.



A Circle is a Plane Figure,  
contained by one Line. A  
great many have discovered  
this to be a mournful truth—  
in the shape of a wedding-ring.

Parallel Lines are those that do not meet. Thus, a man and wife, "doing the fashionable," may be said to be parallels, as they never meet except at meat; and then they are opposite to each other. Shabby-genteels do not come under this category. This, however, must be proved by the higher mathematics—by the law of attraction—which acts in the ratio of the respective masses; that is to say, according to their magnitudes. Thus, the great man attracts the shabby-gentee, who, being the less, is always striving to meet him—and hence, is not a parallel. But it must be recollected that the shabby-gentee may have, and consequently hath, many parallels.

## POSTULATES.

Let it be granted—

That a straight line may be drawn from any point to any other point. This is evident; for every body tries to make the two ends meet; although, we must admit, that at present, it is rather hard to do so.

Any circle may be described at any distance. As a wedding-ring is a circle, (Def. 10), that necessary appendage to the left hand can be described, with any amount of animation, as radius to whoever will listen. But the animation is often on one side, and consequently, ladies sometimes say "no," and what is more, may mean it—in which case, although the ring be bought, the man is said to be sold.

## AXIOMS.

Things which are equal to the same thing, are equal to one another. This is best proved by the converse of it. For, although nothing is equal to Punch, it cannot be said that Punch is equal to nothing. For Punch is equal to anything; and if equal to anything, must be equal to everything and everybody.

Equals from equals leave equals.

Thus, Punch and threepence half-penny are equal to *quinze sous*. This is the fundamental principle we advise everybody to study—without it, they never can be geom-eters or any other eaters. Punch, before dinner, is a *coup d'appetit*; and he beats Holloway hollow, as a cure for everything.

Such are the primary principles we have drawn up, for the especial benefit of the Board of Examiners appointed under the new Surveyors' Act—and to which learned body we accordingly do ourselves the honor of dedicating them.

## FRAGMENTARY TRIBUTE TO THE SAX HORNS.

BY DESMOND O'SHAUGNESSY.

Miss M. O'Connor! 'pon my word of honor,  
You made me screech with joy for Erin's Isle,  
In "Va Pensiero"—may I be there, O!  
When next you sing it with your own sweet smile.  
And Miss Louisa, isn't she a teaser,  
Meandering through the "Song of a Summer day!"  
I'm safe to venture a double X debenture,  
You'll not find their ayquals this side of the say.

With tones much sharper than the famous Harper,  
Ringing so sweetly that each soul was fired,  
Did ould Mr. Distin on the *cornet-à-piston*,  
Or trumpet rather, play "The Soldier tired."  
And then the brothers! whose tone above all others  
Rises so firm and strong—so sweetly sinks—  
While from the planner, in his peculiar manner,  
Their music Willy twines with silver links!

## LOYALTY AND ELECTRICITY.

There must be some great and mysterious connection between loyalty and electricity; a perceptible deficiency of both, being just now the cause of much moral and physical debility. The *Montreal Gazette*, in noticing the entertainment given by the Messrs. Distin, says,—“also the grand finale of God save the Queen, which some loyal gentlemen wished to have repeated.” Was the editor of the *Gazette* one of the "loyal gentlemen," who wished for a repetition of the National Anthem, or is his remark meant for a fine drawn sarcasm, aimed at the good old feeling of allegiance, which it is now the affectation of a certain party to turn into contempt? If the sneer was meant—and Punch thinks it was—let the Editor of the *Gazette* lose no time in getting himself charged with electricity; and let him, herewith, consider himself morally "bonnetted" by Punch, for refusing to take of his hat to the noble strain of "God save the Queen."